Douglassville, Tex.
Dec., 18th. 1926.

Dear Cousin Jena:-

Three years ago to-night I answered a letter from Mr. J. C. Collier, sent over to me (after having passed through the hands of several persons) because I had frequently mentioned that I had a cousin who married into that Collier family who moved to Tex. in 1857 and died and was buried in our cemetery. Three years ago according to day of week, but the 15th of month- for that night was the anniversary (42nd) of our marriage. Little did I dream the pleasure was in store that followed - and continues to renew itself in an occasional letter - all so full of interesting news about my folks in Ga. And I must compliment you on this slant, as it is in your own hand writing - not that the typewritten is objectionable. Our letters crossed each other en route to Ga and Tex, I was ready for my thanksgiving trip to see my children - and placed your letter in my suit-case for them to enjoy - But found all re- joicing over one of their own from you. I went to Tyler on the train and Jess brought me back to Mt Pleasant in his handsome new car. We spoke frequently of you and your visit to us last year. The woods were beautiful with the glory of autumn colors and the mountains (hillsides) as hazy as via our drive that day

and I realized we are all a year older -
Just in the suburbs of Pittsburg, there was a
"Detour one block" sign which we did - and
within city limits were two routes parallel -
hard to decide which was worse - anyway
we took the wrong way and were stuck for
about an hour - Our car was so heavy and
mud so deep - it was not just a "pull out" but a "dig
out." Dave has so much poise under any
circumstance. We made the trip to Anne's by
twelve and had another fried-chicken dinner
And oh so thankful she was still with us -
for she was desperately ill in Spring - She is
so much loved - everywhere she is known - I'll
write age of the sweetest remarks made in
town during that awful suspense - Mr. & Mrs. Nor
ris were driving to Texarkana and he began
singing "this eye is on the Sparrow" when his wife
said: Stop singing that until I know Anne
is out of danger. A - Anne is always invited to sing
where known - and in early Spring, had sung this
when asked for a Solo, at B.S.

Your letter made the "rounds" with me - and
I have just re-read all the kin-folk news you
wrote me - and gave vent to a laugh a little
louder that I am given to when suddenly amused,
which I was when I read "Fannie is in Fla. with
her Rev. husband" - Think I'll write once
(The underscore mine)

Wynn, "Folks are funny things." It seemed funny to me that he'd give up a good business (as Fannie had written) and go back to preaching, at his age.

Yes, this .10 cotton was quite a loss to all professions and business. and I have had rather unpleasant experience this year from the renters that were on the Wilson farm — In fact since I've been old enough to think, I wonder why the children of Israel struggled so hard to get to the promised land when land is the base of one's existence unless everything is favorable otherwise —

Dec 29th —

Here's wishing you a merry Christmas and happy New Year — including each the family — I appreciated Jessie's "Hello" If she should happen to visit D —, she would find rusticity itself — but lots of good will this —

Sincerely your Cousin
Mary Greene Wilson.

Mrs. M. G. Wilson,
Douglassville Tex.

Mrs. J. C. Collier,
Barnesville,
Ga.